

## GARLAND,

OF

## NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING

1. The Blue Bell of Scotland.
2. She lives in the valley below.
3. Hal the Woodman.
4. Sandy and Jenny.
5. Poor Dick Meadows.
6. The Sailor's adieu.
7. Gally Slave.



*The Blue Bell of Scotland.*

**A**H where, and ah where is your High-  
land Laddie gone,  
He's gone to fight the Frenchmen for George  
upon his throne,  
And tis oh in my heart I wish him safe at  
home.

Oh where, and oh where did your highland  
laddie dwell,  
He dwelt in merry Scotland at the sign of  
the Blue Bell,  
And 'tis oh in my heart, I love my laddie well.

In what cloaths, in what cloaths is your  
Highland laddie clad?

His bonnet's of saxon green, his waistcoat's  
of the plaid,

And it's oh in my heart I love my bonny lad.

What would you do, if your Highland lad  
shou'd die?

The bagpipes should play over him, I'd sit  
me down and cry,

And tis oh in my heart I hope he may not die.

*She lives in the Valley below.*

**T**HE broom bloom'd so fresh and so fair,  
The lambkins were sporting around,

When I wander'd to breath the fresh air,  
 And by chance a rich treasure I found,  
 A lass sat beneath a green shade,  
 For whose smiles the world I'll forego ;  
 As blooming as May was the maid,  
 And she lives in the valley, she lives in the  
 valley, the valley below.

Her song struck my ears with surprize,  
 Her voice like the nightingale sweet,  
 But love took his seat in her eyes,  
 There beauty and innocence meet ;  
 From that moment my heart was her own,  
 For her ev'ry wish I'd forego,  
 She's beauties as roses just blown,  
 And she lives in the valley below.

My cottage with woodbine o'ergrown  
 The sweet turtle dove cooing round,  
 My flocks and my herds are my own,  
 My pastures with hawthorn are bound,  
 All my riches I lay at her feet,  
 If her heart in return she'll bestow,  
 For no pastime can cheer my retreat,  
 While she lives in the valley below.

*Hal the Woodman.*

**S**TAY traveler, tarry here to-night,  
 The rain still bears the wind is loud,  
 The moon too has withdrawn her light,  
 And gone to sleep behind a cloud.

'Tis seven long miles across the moor,  
 And should you from our cottage stray,  
 You'll meet, I fear, no friendly door,  
 No soul to tell the ready way.

Come, dearest Kate, the meal prepare,  
 This stranger shall partake our best;  
 A cake and rasher be his fare,  
 With ale, that makes the weary blest.

Approach the hearth, there take a place,  
 And, till the hour of rest draws nigh,  
 Of Robin Hood, and Cheavy Chace,  
 We'll sing, then to our pallets hie.

Had I the means, I'd use you well,  
 'Tis little I have got to boast:  
 But should you of your cottage tell,  
 Say, Hal the woodman was your host.

### *Sandy and Jenny.*

COME, come, bonny lassie, 'cry'd Sandy, 'awa,  
 While mither's a spinning, and father's afar,  
 The folk are at work and the bairns are at play,  
 And we will be married, dear Jenny, to-day.

'Stay, stay, bonny laddie, 'I answer'd with speed,  
 'I wonna, I munna go with you, indeed,  
 Besides, should I do so, what would the folks say,  
 O we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.'

'Lift, lift, 'cried he, 'lassie, and mind what you do,  
 Both Peggy and Patty I give up for you,  
 Besides, a full twelvemonth we've trifled away,  
 And one or the other I'll marry to-day.'



'Fie, fie, bonny laddie,' replied I again,  
When Peggy you kiss'd t'other day on the plain,  
Besides a new ribbon does Patty display,  
So we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.'

'Then, then, a good bye, bonny lassie,' says he,  
'For Peggy and Patty are waiting for me,  
The kirk is hard by, and the bells call away,  
And Peggy or Patty I'll marry to-day.'

'Stop, stop, bonny laddie,' says I with a smile,  
'For, know, I was joking indeed all the while,  
Let Peggy go spin, and send Patty away,  
And we will be married, dear Sandy, to-day.'

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*Poor Dick Meadows.*

**P**OOOR Dick Meadows, young and bloom  
ing,

Liv'd belov'd by all he knew:  
Manly, gay, and unassuming,  
Ever to his Mary true.

Poverty, though unlamented,  
Long had hover'd o'er his cot;  
Poor Dick Meadows liv'd contented,  
Mary's smiles enrich'd his lot,

Poor Dick Meadows, nobly scorning,  
What his comrades could bestow,  
Ere the lark proclaim'd the morning,  
Sought the forest with his bow.

There the timid game pursuing,  
 Danger, fear he heeded not ;  
 Poor Dick Meadows met his ruin ;  
 Death untimely was his lot.

Poor Dick Meadows, rashly daring,  
 Cliffs that bound the craggy shore,  
 Hapless victim ! fell disparting,  
 E'er to see his Mary more.  
 From the cottage wildly flying,  
 Chance soon brought her to the spot ;  
 Poor Dick Meadows there was dying ;  
 Mary shriek'd, and shar'd his lot.

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*The Sailors Adieu.*

**F**AREWELL my dear Nancy, for now I must leave you  
 Unto the west Indies my course I must steer.  
 I know very well that my absence will grieve you,  
 But I will return in the spring of the year.  
 In the spring of the year I'll return.

O don't talk of leaving me my dearest jewel,  
 Don't talk of leaving me here on the shore,  
 For it is your sweet company I do admire,  
 Therefore I shall die if I ne'er see you more.  
 If I ne'er see you more I shall die.

Just like a bold sailor my dear I'll go with you,  
 In the midst of all dangers I will be your friend,  
 When the ship is a-going, the seas are a-flowing,  
 There I'll stand ready to reef and to hand.

Stand ready to reef and to hand.

Your lilly white hands cannot handle the cable,  
 Your pretty soft feet to the topmast can't go,  
 Nor the cold stormy weather you cannot endure,  
 Therefore to the seas my dear Nancy don't go.

To the seas my dear Nancy don't go.

As she stood bewailing the ship it set sailing,  
 The tears from her eyes like fountains did flow,  
 Altho' we are parted I will be true hearted,  
 And we will be married when I do return.  
 In the spring of the year I'll return.

### *Galley Slave.*

O Think on my fate once I freedom enjoy'd,  
 Was as happy as happy could be.  
 But pleasure is fled even when hope is destroy'd,  
 A captive, alas ! on the sea ;  
 I was ta'en by the foe, 'twas the at of fate,  
 To tear me from her I adore,  
 But thoughts bring to mind my once happy state,  
 I sigh, I sigh, while I tug at the oar.

How hard is my fate how galling my chains,  
 My life steer'd by misery's chart,  
 And tho' against my tyrant I scorn to complain,  
 Tears gush forth to ease my fond heart.

I disdain even to shrink tho' I feel the sharp lash,  
 Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore,  
 While around me the unfeeling billows do dash,  
 I sigh, I sigh, while I tug at the oar.

How fortune deceiv'd me, I'd pleasure in tow,  
 The port where she dwelt I d in view,  
 But the with d nuptial morn was all clouded with woe,  
 Dear Anna, I'm hurry d from you,  
 Our shallop was boarded, and I bore away,  
 To behold my dear Anna no more,  
 But despair wastes my spirits, my form feels decay,  
 I sigh, I sigh, while I tug at the oar.

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